

NUMBER 81

== TRY IT. ==
SOLD BY G. E. GAITHER AND J. R. ARMISTEAD.

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.
NASHVILLE STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY
SABBATH-DAY READING.
LIFE'S JOURNEY.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, then face to face."
What though life's way perchance be dark,
And only brief gleams
Of gold sunlight illumine the path
That lead and dream seem
Immortal life shall soon be ours;
Why then these glooms and sighs?
We shall from weariness and tears
To light and beauty rise.

SILENT HOURS.
The Situation in Which God Makes Us
His Supreme Revelations - Quiet
Thoughts the Best.

Our high thoughts come in our
quiet hours. The fruit of the soil
ripens, like the fruit of the vine, in
quietude. Thoughts, like berries, must
not be disturbed while ripening. Our
greatest experiences, whether of the
fulfillment or of the defeat of our
dreams, come in the quiet hours. It is
when Newton is lying on his back and
chances to see the apple fall that the
law of gravitation flashes into his
mind; when Watts is sitting by the
kitchen fire that the steam from his
mother's kettle suggests to him the
harmless steam that rises from the
kettle when Moses is resting on the
ocean steamer that the magnetic telegraph
suddenly unfolds itself before him.

So, in our spiritual experiences, our
best thoughts are our quiet thoughts; in
the silence of the mind God makes to
us His supreme revelations. When we
placed like riddles on the heavens. When
the storm is past it is in the quiet bow
spanning the sky that God makes the
prophecy of His Gospel. The blare of
the trumpet announces the coming of
the King, but the trumpet in the process
of time is past, he comes riding in a
pale chariot and without decoration.

The startling manifestations of
grandeur and power are not the
voice of God; they are simply a call to
us to halt and be still that we may hear
His voice, which is a still, small
voice.

The burning bush compels
Moses' attention, and when he has
stopped to look, it is a voice which
speaks to him. The whirlwind, the
fire and the earthquake harmonize
with Elijah's storm-tossed soul; but
when the greater fury of nature over-
topping his own has calmed his spirit,
as the fury of the wind mingles itself
beats down the waves of the seas, it is
in a still, small voice, or, in the ex-
pressive language of the Hebrew, "in a
sound of gentle stillness," his Father
speaks to him.

The play in the heavens
wakens the shepherd, but their
Lord they find as a common babe in a
common manger. Paul falls to the
ground with his companions, startled
by the light which sheds the brilliance
of the sun; but the voice which speaks
to him is a voice in his own soul which
his companions cannot hear. The
lightning flash, nor reverberating thun-
der, nor earthquake tossing the solid
rocks into sea-waves, are the symbols
of God's disclosures of Himself; but the
light—the light which does its work in
absolute silence, the light which no
wind can extinguish, the light which
light which nothing can obstruct save
the exaltations which the earth itself
throws up in darkening clouds, and
even these the light in time drinks up,
dissolves, pierces and rolls away.

In history we look for God when the earth
trembles and the heavens are kindled
with fire. The earth is full of Christ-
ians and the earth is full of sinners;
smoke, and the tempest of battle lifts
the air with darkness and all hearts
with dread. But God is not in the
storm; when it has passed away He
beckons the hero of a hundred battles
into a quiet room and there bids him
wait in silence the slow stage of re-
velation. The earth is full of sinners
and the Nation learns more of God
and His divine consolations and sus-
tainments from the silence of the sick-
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Sam Jonesisms.
A good man is like a city set upon
a hill, you can't hide him.
If you want to know what your
neighbors think of you disguise your-
self and go among them.
How many men in this congrega-
tion are paying the rent for women
who are not their wives?
Preachers know a good deal more
about their flocks than they dare tell.
It might endanger their salaries.
A pretty woman has ruined more
than one church.
You needn't turn up your nose at
God, for he knows you.
"Whatever a man soweth he shall
reap," is true both in the Bible
and the almanac, whether God said
it or not.
Some of you men have sowed
enough seed to damn the world.
If you sow whisky you reap drunk-
ards.
Grocery stores with bar-room at-
tachments are moral hell-holes.
Your daughter may be beautiful
and lovely, but first thing you know
the devil may pack off a drunken
son-in-law on you.
A man who gets drunk will steal
if he is not too much afraid of the
jail.
A man who would swear before
his children is a brute.
The gambler is invariably the son
of a Christian family. Why is this?
Show me a man who says he didn't
steal and I will show you a liar.
I have a contempt for a man who
has the time to play cards.
I never knew a first-class billiard
player who was worth the powder
and lead it would take to kill him.
There's about forty men in this
congregation who are going to hell
on a blooded horse.
The most beautiful sight in this
world is to see a man leading his
wife and children into the gates of
heaven.
Live so your children may put
their feet in your tracks and be hon-
orable.
Most of you don't care, if your
neighbors goes hungry so you have
enough.
If you don't like my style of preach-
ing you know the way out.
God will never quit drinking
whisky for a man.
Christ and whisky don't stay in
the same hide at the same time.
Do you know pious politicians?
If so rack out one. I want to see
him powerful bad.
The devil enjoys the way many
preachers preach.
Ingersoll does no harm. The real
infidels are in the churches. They
believe, but don't practice.
There are women here who haven't
struck a lick of work in years. They
do nothing but shop, shop, shop.
Hell is full of such women.
Take your city churches—the
Lord don't go within a mile of them,
and the devil gets in.
The man who don't laugh needs a
liver medicine. The moper and
growler never gets to heaven.
The three mile an hour lick in re-
ligion ain't no good.
Look at the sister headed for the
theatre. The devil has a string
around her neck but she don't know
it.
Bring me a corpse and a coffin and
I will be gloomy; flowers, and I will
smile.
I'd rather be a town dog than a
town liar.
The truth flows from a good
man like molasses from a jug.
Tell the truth, though you die in a
pulpit-house.
There's a merchant in this town
who tells the truth, but he's mighty
lonesome.
A horse trader lies by keeping his
mouth shut.
There are Christians in this church
who are kind to everybody else's
wives and mean to their own.

COURTSHIP BY TELEGRAPH.
How a Louisville Telegraph Oper-
ator Won a Bride at Dayton,
Ohio.

DAYTON, O., Sept. 11.—[Enquirer
Special.]—Quite a romantic love af-
fair, terminating in a wedding, came
to light here to-day. During the
strike of the Western Union tele-
graph operators, a few years ago, a
lady operator named Cora Lennox
was brought here from Union City
to take the place of a striker. The
young lady is quite handsome, and is
a person with a disposition to make
friends. No one was quicker to per-
ceive her good qualities than Law-
rence E. Moones, an operator at the
Cincinnati end of the wire. He
seemed to know from the click of the
instrument that a pretty damsel was
at the other end, and soon the wires
were used by the two to talk to each
other, although they were sixty miles
apart. What gushing stories of love
and the usual nonsense attending such
matters they may have told no one
will ever know. However, they were
so well manipulated that recently
Mr. Moones took a trip to this city
to make the better acquaintance
of the girl who possessed his affec-
tions, but who he never saw. This
only seemed to feed his affections,
and on the 29th day of last month he
came to Dayton, procured a marriage
license and made the charming oper-
ator Mrs. Moones. The wedding was
private and none but a few relatives
knew of it until your correspondent
accidentally picked up a pointer,
which, upon investigation, led to the
discovery of the above facts. Mrs.
Moones has tendered her resignation
as an operator, and will soon join her
husband in Louisville, Ky., where he
accepted a position as telegraph oper-
ator only a few days ago.

Guessed Him.
[Ark. Traveler.]

"Speaking of General Stonewall
Jackson's peculiarities," said an ex-
Confederate, "why, sir, a whole book
might be written about him. One
time—I mean, I don't know the date—
we were on a forced march in Virginia.
I was hungry as a wolf, and I had
begun to grow tired of the Confed-
erate. Fighting for a principle was
all well enough, you know—but I
am drifting from my story. Well,
we were marching along. I was a
lieutenant and I had not been very
long with that division of the army
and but few of the officers were
known to me. Well, the rain was
pouring down. One of my wagons
got stuck fast in the mud. Oh, but
I was mad and I couldn't help swear-
ing. Pretty soon an old fellow came
riding along.

"Say," said I, "you needn't sit there
looking at that wagon. Get down
and help the men get it out."
"I've got down without word of
protest, put his shoulder to the wheel
and tugged away. I didn't pay any
particular attention to him, aside
from seeing that he was doing his
duty. After awhile, when the wagon
was rolled out, I felt sorry that I
spoke so harshly to the old fellow.
Well, to make a long story short, I'll
bet you the drinks that you can't
guess who that old fellow was."

"I'll take you," said one of the
company. "He was Stonewall Jack-
son."

"No, sir; he was old Ben Bailey a
noted chicken peddler. Here, bring
out the drinks."

Miss Cleveland's Quotations.
[Alex. N. Mehl, in St. Louis Magazine.]

Miss President's sister Cleveland
does not seem to be over famous for
the correctness of her quotations. In
that dull and dreary attempt at wit,
"All About the Smiths," she says:

"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said
the world was composed of men, woman
and Smiths."

If Lady Mary said anything of the
kind, she must have said it personally
to Miss Cleveland; but as she died
in 1762, and as there is some reason
to believe that Miss Cleveland's grand-
father did not extend quite that far
back, it is probable that the quota-
tion meant is the one in which she
declares that the world "consists of
men, women and Herveys."

And, by the way, as she admires
Lady Mary so much, why don't she
quote the President's sister—who is so dis-
tinguished an advocate of woman's
rights, so-called—who felt the weight of
the benefit of a good strong saying of
Lady Mary's? Something in the
style, for instance, of that famous
statement, the sum total of which
was, that the fact that she could not
marry a woman, went far toward
reconciling her with being a woman.

There Was a Little Girl.
Yes; and when the roses faded
from her cheeks and she became list-
less and languid and pale, they gave
her Brown's Iron Bitters. It built
her up in health and made her ruddy
and strong. Miss Weigold, 23 Perry
street, Pittsburg, Pa., writes that her
sister, aged 13, took several bottles of
Brown's Iron Bitters for nervousness
and dyspepsia, and was greatly re-
lieved.

Kentucky Progress.
[Mant. Record.]

J. K. Sroufe has received the contract
for building gas works for the
Citizens Gas Light Company, May-
sville, Kentucky.

Samuel S. Brown, Chris. Bonher
and Jordan Giles have incorporated
in Louisville, Ky., the Western Con-
tract Company, capital stock \$25,000,
to build railroads, bridges, etc.

Lawrence Bradley, Timothy Dris-
coll, John M. Martin, Jr., and Samuel
D. Tompkins have incorporated in
Louisville, Ky., the Western Con-
tract Company, capital stock \$25,000,
to build railroads, bridges, etc.

Boulins and Isaac Johnston have
established a saw mill at Oakland,
Ky.

Rentlinger & Eisfelder, Henderson,
Ky., whose brewery was reported
last week as damaged by explosion,
are repairing it.

Jacob Plegie has sold his mill at
Woodville, Ky., to House & Matlock,
and is building a new mill at Arling-
ton, Ky.

The Maysville Cotton Mills, Mays-
ville, Ky., are being improved, and
new boilers put in.

The Monarch Novelty Company,
has been incorporated in Covington,
Ky., by F. H. Anderson and M. G.
Trueman, to manufacture and sell
patent articles and novelties. Capital
stock \$20,000.

The Falls City Varnish Company,
Lewis Collins, president, Louisville,
Ky., has been organized to manufac-
ture varnishes, driers, etc. Capital
stock \$10,000.

The Louisville Water Co., Louis-
ville, Ky., have let the contract for
building an embankment for a pump-
ing station to Jacob Bickel at \$15,500.

A PARALYZED BARBER.
Ho Tries to Cut a Farmer's Hair
and Finds He Wears a Wig.

There's a new barber in a South-
field street shop who is said to blush
every time a customer comes in with
a head of hair over a week's growth.
The cause of his trouble is this: A
well known Moon Township farmer
came in Saturday, and mounted the
chair, lay back for a shave.

"Hair's getting rather thin on top,"
ventured the barber as he lathered
the victim's chin.
"Yes," responded the gentleman,
seriously.
"We've got the dandy tonic here,"
ventured the barber when about half
through.

"Good, isn't it?" said the man in the
chair, affably.
"Why, it'll grow hair on an egg,"
responded the barber, as he paused to
pat the top of his customer's head.
"Now, you're getting quite bald up
here, an I'll bet in a month it'll grow
as thick there as anywhere."

Here followed a pause, during
which the shaver was discharging his
duty. The farmer's face, he inquired,
"Try a little of the tonic to-day,
sir? It's the dandy restorer."
"No; guess not," was the reply.
"Say, your hair is getting pretty
long, isn't it? Or was you going to
have it cut?"

"O, I guess it isn't too long."
"Pretty long. Don't nobody wear
their hair that long nowadays."
"Well, I guess I'll let it go this
time."

"Have a shampoo?"
"No."
"Try some of this sea-foam? It's
the best thing for this Pittsburgh dirt."

"No; and now I'll tell you something,
young man. After this don't bother
a man with a wig about cutting his
hair and tonics and shampoos. It
might embarrass him, see?" and the
gentleman lifted the coverings to his
cranium off, showing a head with
less hair on it than on a roll of coun-
try butter. It paralyzed the barber
so that the bald headed man had to
put his wig on his knee and comb it
himself—Dispatch.

"It Will Cure Asthma."
"I had suffered with asthma for
over forty years, and had a terrible
attack in December and January,
1882. One day I took four doses of
Parker's Tonic. The effect astonished
me. I slept perfectly that night,
and am now wholly well. Parker's
Tonic cured my chronic asthma." E.
C. Williams, Chapman, Pa.

A Peculiar Shadow Dance.
[Foreign Letter.]

A young 5 year old hopeful was
playing on the lawn with his sister
and help the men get it out. Spring-
ing up he began to belabor his com-
panion with ungentlemanly fierceness,
crying out, "If I did stand on your
shadow was that any reason why you
should draw it away from under me
so as to throw me off my feet?"

Littell's Living Age. The num-
bers of The Living Age for August
29th and September 5th contains the
French North American, Edin-
burgh, The Illustrated London News
in the Norman Isles, London Quar-
terly; An Appeal to men of Wealth
by Lord Brabazon, National Foot-
prints, Blackwood; A Walking Tour
in the Landes, Macmillan; Morn-
calls in West County, Belgravia;
From "Some Reminiscences of My
Life" by Mary Howitt, Good Words;
The English Eruption, Leisure
Hour; The Princess de Lamballe, and
A Margate Grotto, Temple Bar; The
Crown Diamonds of France, All the
Year Round; The Growth-Rents, Es-
tates Gazette; with instalments of
"A House Divided Against Itself,"
and "Mrs. Dymond" and poetry.

For fifty-two number of sixty-four
large pages each (or more than 3,300
pages a year) the price (\$5)
is low; while for \$10.50 the publish-
ers offer to send any one of the Ameri-
can \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with
The Living Age for a year, both post-
paid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the
publishers.

She Knew The Sterner Sex.
Simpson and his wife were on their
way to church and the lady was put-
ting on her gloves. "My dear," he
said pettishly, "you should complete
your toilet at home. I'd just as soon
see a woman putting on her stock-
ings on the street as putting on her
gloves. 'Most men would," he said
promptly; and the abashed husband
didn't say another word.

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